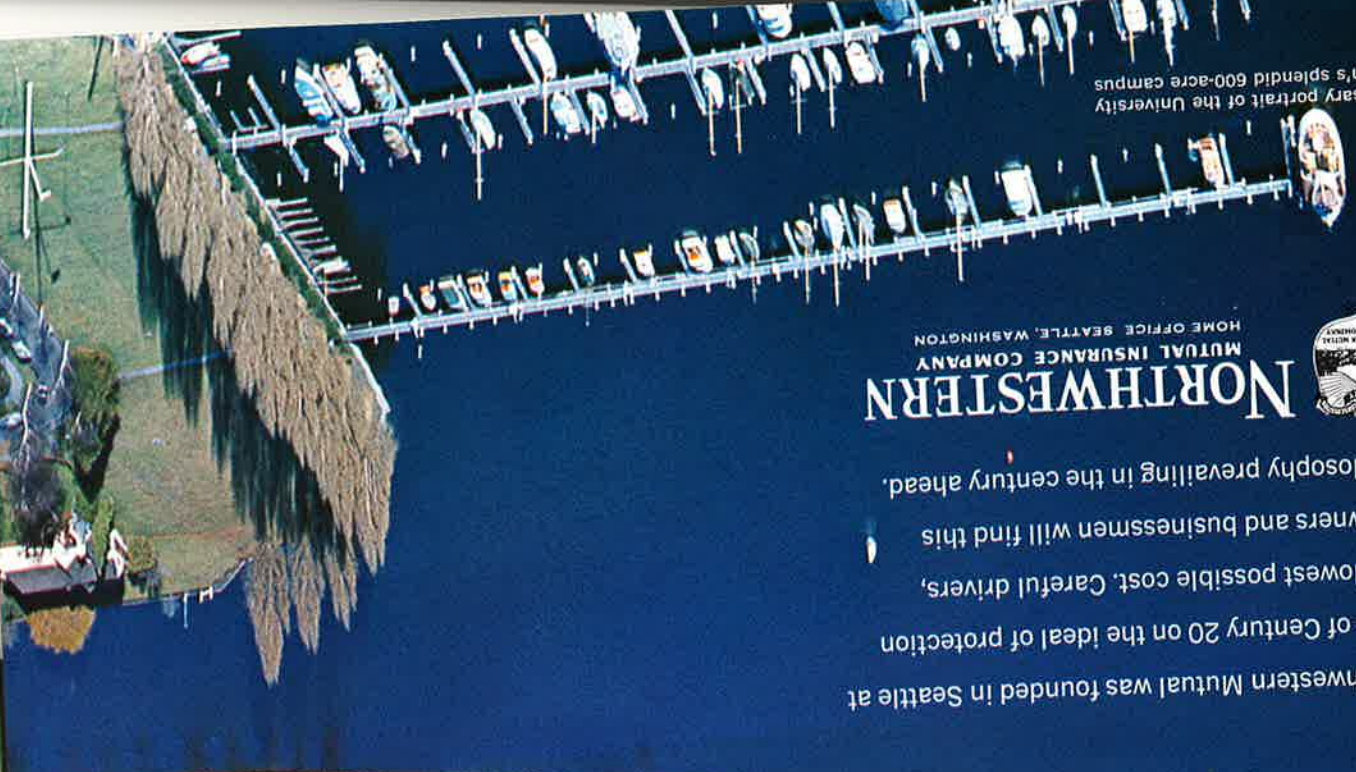


Northwestern Mutual was founded in Seattle at the start of Century 20 on the ideal of protection at lowest possible cost. Careful drivers, homeowners and businessmen will find this philosophy prevailing in the century ahead.

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100th Anniversary portrait of the University of Washington's splendid 600-acre campus



Such an observation deserves serious consideration when you understand once and for all, that a staggering percentage of Seattle people own their own homes. Large numbers of these houses imply a solid affluence. They are located in some unbelievably lovely (and convenient) vantage points, with large, manicured yards overlooking parks, lakes, Sound, city, trees and mountains.

Somebody has mentioned that forty-nine per cent of Seattle homes have backyard barbecues. If this is so, it's intriguing to estimate how many pounds of perfectly good meat are ruined each summer under the hovering forks of eager pseudo-chefs. Anyway, you and your girl probably will be invited to a party in one of these homes. Aside from the food, which usually is good, and the liquor, which is certain to be, such a party is likely to provide a few insights into the attitudes of the city.

"This is the boating capital of America," says one round, sincere-looking businessman, as though reciting by rote. "I don't pretend to know the exact figures, but just look around. Nearly everybody owns a boat around here." "I've said before and I say again," proclaims a man who has just returned from a visit to San Francisco, "this town is dead on its pants. No life, no initiative. Outside of Boeing, what have we got? If Boeing leaves, we might as well go back to digging clams."

In another corner a young lawyer is saying: "I could make twice the fees in Chicago, but who wants to live in Chicago? I could never live there the way I do here."

The sincere-looking business man is partly right, because a lot of Seattle people (perhaps one family in ten) own boats; the man who just returned from San Francisco is merely reciting a tired old civic saw, because the Boeing Company isn't going to leave; the lawyer is expressing a fact of economic life, because money in Seattle will, given normal tastes in existence, buy an easier, more comfortable way of life than can be bought in New York or Chicago or Terre Haute, Indiana.

Somebody is sure to mention Mount Rainier. And the subject of rainfall is certain to take up part of the conversation, because the annual average rainfall in Seattle is thirty-four inches, which isn't at all unbearable, except that it has a way of spreading itself over much of the year, thereby spoiling picnics, interrupting tennis matches and postponing ball games.

Your girl should like to walk in the pleasant days ahead. You should take her to a tavern in Ballard, where you will hear the thick, Scandinavian accents of the fishermen, and you should take her out along the marina, looking west over the Sound, with its millions of dollars worth of pleasure boats tied to the slips. You should explore the hook shops along First Avenue and you should sit on the sand with her at Lincoln Park and take her through the cool virgin forest of Schmitz Park and along the musty, run-down stores of Belltown. The old signs still plastered on the buildings read, "Vote for Schultz."

You must learn, of course, that anybody named Schultz (or Sanigrati, or Ginsberg) could have made it easier on himself in Seattle politics by using more foresight. He should have selected a father whose name was Tollefson or Magnuson. Whole sections of the Seattle telephone book are taken up by people who have names like Olsen and Lars Larsen. There is an assortment of Swensons (i. e., Swensson, Swenssen), a large number of Jorgensons and several varieties of Johnson.

While the civic blood is warmed by many Italians, a large Filipino colony, a goodly gathering of Japanese, a smattering of Chinese, a growing number of Negroes, but probably not enough French, the Scandinavians still are an awesome force in Seattle politics and morals. Your girl now is ready for the Pike Place Market.

